

are for ever repeating the same things. They cannot appreciate any novelty: their vision has become too prejudiced. And they exercise no healthy, educating, vivifying influence. It is no wonder, then, that the diffusion of artistic culture in England should proceed very slowly.

Of course, even in France, the partisans of old and recognised schools do not immediately welcome a new one. For the most part they defend their acquired position with all the vigour they possess. And the battle may go on for some years before a new formula triumphs, soon to find, perhaps, yet another one preparing to challenge its hard-earned victory. When Zola, whose eyes treasured memories of the bright sunlight of Provence, who could recall the limpid atmosphere of the hillsides that girdled Aix, entered the lists to do battle for the new realists of that time he encountered a terrific opposition. It had been arranged with Villemessant that he should write from sixteen to eighteen articles, passing the entire Salon in review; but he penned and published seven only — the first two, which dealt with the exhibition jury and its system of admitting and excluding pictures, being written prior to May 1, the opening day. These articles, which accused the jury of manifest injustice

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in excluding Edouard Manet, and almost every
artist who
shared his tendencies, created quite an uproar
in the Pari-
sian art-world, which increased when a third
article denounced
the absolute mediocrity of some eighteen
hundred and ninety
of the two thousand pictures which had been "
hung." A
fourth article, in vindication of Manet and his
methods,
and a fifth praising Claude Monet's " Camille,"
and attack-
ing Vollon, Eibot, Bonvin, and Eoybet as
spurious realists,
brought matters to a climax. Villemessant
and Zola him-